

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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MR. FOSBROOK, THE ARTIST.

By BEATRICE A. JOURDAN.

So that is one of Mr. Fosbrook's landscapes? I thought I could not be mistaken as to his style; he was always so fond of that glowing sunlight, and those warm tints. Many a time when I've been sitting beside your bed of a night, ma'am, I have had my eye upon that picture; the light of the candle just catches it, as you see, and I have wondered whether I could be right in my fancy about it. Yes! I nursed Mr. Fosbrook, as it happened, in his last illness, but, curiously enough, I had known him well in my young days; indeed at one time I was—Oh! if you'd like to hear the whole story I don't mind telling it at all—not to you, ma'am—perhaps my prying may send you to sleep, and if so, why so much the better.

My father, as you've heard me say, kept a linendraper's shop in High Guildford, and in the autumn of '39 Mr. Fosbrook came to lodge just opposite to us. He had just taken up the profession of artist (in strong opposition, by the bye, to his family), and the neighbourhood of Guildford being very pretty, he thought it would do for him to practise upon. From seeing him so often pass our door, we all began to feel some interest in him; and much to the satisfaction of my sister Clara and myself, my father said, one day, that he had been making his acquaintance, and meant, by and by, to ask him to dinner. He *did* ask him, not once, but many times, and these invitations Mr. Fosbrook availed himself of invariably. He came for the sake of our good beef and mutton my mother used to say, but I don't think he cared much about eating, really. As a kind of return for our hospitality he offered to teach drawing to Clara and me; and my father—just like a father, was it not?—consented openly, and without a

moment's thought. It was awkward afterwards to draw back, so the thing was allowed; but my mother, I could see, didn't like it. She charged me to look after Clara, and not let her go on with Mr. Fosbrook in any silly flirting way. I wondered why she should think of my sister only!

Mr. Fosbrook remained at Guildford all through the winter, but when April came he went up to London, carrying with him a large painting called "Moonlight through Mist," which he had been at work at for many months. I was the confidante of all his anxieties concerning it, and never grew weary of listening to the expression of his hopes that it would, if admitted at all into the Royal Academy, be well hung, and admired at least by a select few. He doubted, he said, whether the public taste was quite up to his style as yet; but I think he liked to fancy so, in case he should possibly fail.

One evening in May, four or five weeks after our "drawing master," as we used to call him, had left us, my father came into the back parlour behind the shop, holding a letter and paper in his hand. My mother and I were plying our needles busily, making up wedding clothes for Clara, who, after a very short courtship, was going to be married; and as we neither of us raised our heads from our work, he spoke at first a little crossly. "There you are, at it as usual! We're all stitching, stitch, stitch, stitching, in our house at home! You seem to have no thought to spare for anything but flounces and furbelows." For anything but flounces and furbelows! Oh dear! that wasn't true in my case at all.

"My dear," said my mother, looking up at him with an absent air, "what makes you fancy that? Have you any news to tell us?"

"Nothing that you haven't heard already. Clara has told you, no doubt, of our late lodger's luck? She was in the shop when his letter came."

"Dear me! so I was," said Clara, and I declare I forgot all about it. Don't look so savagely at me, Etty, though, of course, my forgetfulness seems shocking to you."

"I wasn't looking savage," I muttered, which I'm afraid was a great story.

"Oh, but you were though, dear; still really you must excuse me for forgetting. I had a letter as well as papa."

She expected to be joked about her letter, but we none of us took the trouble to gratify her. Such sort of jesting, though very pleasant at first—at the beginning, I mean, of her engagement—was growing a little stale now, especially as she was always setting traps for it.

"So Mr. Fosbrook's in luck is he?" said my mother. I'm glad of it I am sure—(eight yards and a half, just tell me the length of your sister's skirt, Esther)—what has he been doing my dear?"

"Doing? What do you mean. He has sold his picture already, that's the thing; and it's looked upon as one of the finest landscapes in the Academy, though its place is a vile one, through jealousy on the part of the Academicians, as he says. There's a notice of it in this *Athenæum* which he has sent me. And, girls, he calls upon you both for your congratulations. By the bye, does he know Clara is bespoken? There's only my Etty on hand now."

"He won't care about that," cried my dear, good-natured sister, "he always liked Etty best."

My mother frowned her down, but after all her words could do me no harm, for it was tacitly acknowledged among us that Mr. Fosbrook did seem as if he liked me in no common way. He was fond, rather, of hearing himself talk, and I think he found me intelligent enough to make a good listener. Moreover, in many points our hearts seemed to answer to one another, just as in water face answereth to face. I could not go along with him in all his ideas, but these, for the most part, were very pure and noble. He had a lofty conception of his "mission" as an artist, for art, he maintained, was to be the chief regenerator of the world, its deliverer

from all that was sordid and base, and morally unsightly. Yet he did not despise other, and, as I ventured to think, far better sources of hope, for he had a deep respect for religion, and I can remember, even now, the very words in which he would discourse to me on the beauties of Christianity. I don't say it boastfully at all—but for it is a sort of thing I could not help—but he never would have attracted me had I thought him otherwise than religious.

While the letter announcing his success was being handed rather carelessly about, I made a great show of not looking towards it, but at last I managed, unseen, to get it into my own possession, and then I saw that Miss Esther's congratulations were especially called for, my sister's name being merely written in at top, added perhaps by way of a blind. How bright the moonlight looked that night as I gazed out at it before going to bed! and as for the nightingales in a neighbouring garden, did they ever sing so sweetly?—never possibly to my ears, though, thank heaven, their notes sound very sweet to me again, as well they may, for they speak to me now, not of any poor human love, ma'am, as you may suppose, but of the Love which is over all.

No, Mr. Fosbrook wasn't flirting with me; you mustn't fancy that. Strange to say, he must really have cared for me, or he would never have come down to Guildford, as he did, to claim in person my congratulations. He had now learned his own strength, and I won't say he may not have been rather over elated. He hardly appeared to like my calling his success extraordinary (as I once did through a slip of the tongue); but when he found that I could say by heart the very words of the favourable criticism passed upon him in the *Athenæum*, he whispered in my ear, "This pleases me more than anything." There were other things he whispered besides; and before he returned to London—where he was now going to take up his residence—he, with my parents' knowledge and consent, had engaged me to him as his wife. In station of life there was really no disparity between us, for his parents, like mine, were country shopkeepers; but when I thought how clever he was, how handsome, how noble, how wise, I almost trembled at my own happiness; it seemed too great for this world.

Well, ma'am, for a short time every-

thing went on exactly as I could wish, Mr. Fosbrook and I corresponded regularly, and once a month or so he would run down to Guildford to see me, and to talk about art, and the regenerating power of the beautiful, or, more frequently perhaps, about his own successes, and the high prices that his paintings were now beginning to command. Those visits were very delightful at first, but by degrees they became a little less so, though I didn't like to acknowledge it even to myself. He was very attentive and affectionate to me, and fond of telling me that I was a finer girl than any he had seen in London—fitted, he was sure, to sit at the head of the grandest table in the land (it's stupid to remember such silly speeches, but somehow one can't help it, can one, ma'am?), yet in spite of all his splendid compliments, I felt he was growing a little too grand and refined for me and mine. In his presence I found myself becoming quite nervously sensitive to the loud tones of my father's cheery voice, and the h's my mother dropped occasionally; and oh! I shall never forget the misery I suffered one day when Clara, who was now happily married, brought her husband to introduce him to my intended, for my brother-in-law, a very worthy man in his way, stumbled, unfortunately on politics, and poured forth such senseless Toryism into Mr. Fosbrook's ear, that the latter at last turned his back upon him in disgust. He was an ultra Liberal himself, but not very tolerant of other people's opinions, which in a Liberal one would say was strange, if it were not so common.

One day—I can bear to speak of it now, of course, though I couldn't for a long time—he came, rather unexpectedly, to pay us a visit, and, lo and behold! he found me standing behind the counter serving a customer. Radical though he was, the sight made him very angry, and afterwards, when we were sitting in the back parlour together, he took me to task very severely for forgetting what was due to myself, and—to him.

"It is a sort of thing you know I don't approve of, Esther," he said, "are you indifferent to my express wishes?"

I answered most truly that I was not, but pleaded that my father really required my services, for having met with some heavy and most unexpected losses in busi-

ness, he had been obliged to dismiss two of his assistants, "And I'm sure, Frederick," I said, "you would think it very wrong of me if I were to decline helping my own father, just out of stupid pride!"

"There's your mother," he said, "why can't you ask her to serve in the shop in your stead? It would not matter for her."

"Mamma, with her dread of draughts!—never—never! But why should you think it degrading for me to do what your mother has done before me?"

"My mother! oh that's nothing; my circumstances are changed—and besides—besides—one can't help the sort of mothers one has, but a wife is different. I shouldn't care to have my wife pointed out as a quondam shop-woman!"

Those words made me very angry, and I have no doubt I spoke out more strongly than I ought to have done. Indeed, indeed, I wish to think myself to blame, I couldn't bear to believe that the fault was on his side only. But however that may have been, we quarrelled—quarrelled, perhaps, through a mutual misunderstanding, for surely he, with his noble sentiments, wouldn't really have honoured me more, had I, for his sake, promised to abstain from helping my father in the very way he needed help? I remember saying at last—oh! with such a bursting heart—"Frederick, we see things in so different a light we shall never do together—we had better part." I didn't expect, I must own, to be taken at my word, but he did so take me ma'am—yes, really and truly he did! With a look of offended pride, he snatched up his hat and went out, and from that hour all was over between us.

I got a good deal of condolence of a certain kind. My father called him a "hot-tempered fool," and said he had treated me shamefully, while my mother assured me again and again that he must certainly have been seeking a pretence for quarrelling with me, or he would never so readily have taken offence; but though all this might have been perfectly true, it didn't console me in the least! After he had returned all my letters I was obliged to give up hoping that he would relent, and what I suffered then no one knows! It seemed as though I had passed out of the bright sunshine into a dark, dismal tunnel; but I said, "I'll go on, and on, and on, very patiently, till I see the light

breaking in upon me at the further end ;" and the light did break in upon me at last, dimly and faintly, it is true, but growing brighter by degrees. "And it shall come to pass in that day, that they that are escaped of the house of Israel shall no more stay themselves upon him who smote them, but shall stay upon the Lord, the Holy One of Israel, in truth." I dare say, ma'am, that verse won't seem to you to have much meaning in it, but somehow it took hold upon me, and after the light had begun to dawn I marked it in my Bible.

I need not, I'm sure, go over again that part of my story which you already know—how my father failed in business, and how I, having to work for my living, took to nursing in preference to any other employment, and was one of the first nurses who received the benefit of a regular training. But I have never told you what I am going to tell you now. One April day, more than seven years ago, while I was enjoying a little breathing time at the Nursing Institute, in ——— Street, which serves me for a home, I was informed by the matron that I must make ready with all haste to go out to a fresh "case," to a gentleman dangerously ill with bronchitis. In a few minutes' time I had sprang into the cab which was waiting for me, and, seated beside an agitated servant, was being whirled away to Prince's-square, Bayswater. "What is the sick gentleman's name?" I asked; "is it Foster, did you say?" "No, Fosbrook," replied the servant; "he's an artist, and after he'd caught cold with getting heated at a party, he would go on painting without taking a bit of care of himself, and now he's dying!"

What a leap my heart gave! Since we had parted, twenty-two years before, I had never seen him, but had, in some degree, followed his career. I knew when he had married, and when he had reached the dignity of being an R.A., and I believed I could have told the subject of every picture of his which had appeared in the Exhibition. It was strange, perhaps, I should have kept up such an interest in him, for I had, of course, quite ceased to care for him as I once had cared, and I had heard things concerning him which were gall and wormwood to me, for they prevented me from esteeming him, yet, somehow or other, I could not altogether get rid of the impression he had left upon my mind and

memory. And now, that I should be going to nurse him seemed as much as I could bear, and I had to remember that I was growing into an old woman, and that he, perhaps, had almost forgotten me, before I could resist the inclination I felt to stop the cab, and say that another nurse had better be sent instead of me.

He had prospered in life, I could see that, for on reaching his house I found it was a grand one, richly furnished, and as I passed up the handsome staircase, on my way to his room, the thought just came over me that it was rather hard our lots in life should have been so different. As for any other sort of nonsense, that left me utterly when my eyes actually fell upon him; I was able then to look at him as calmly and professionally as if he had been any other "case," with a sort of wonder even, that *he* should be the person that I had thought about for so many years, and for whose highest welfare I would have given—nay, would give still—my right hand or right eye. His wife had died about two years before, but he had two grown-up daughters, and they were in the room with him, nursing him, after a fashion, not very skilfully, nor, I'm afraid, very tenderly. They began plying me with many questions, and, much to my annoyance, would insist on my telling them from what county I came, for somehow or other they had taken it into their heads that all trained nurses were Scotchwomen. While they were loudly whispering to me, my patient, who had been dozing a little, opened his eyes, and though the room was rather dark (it was evening, ma'am), I saw in those eyes a look I have never seen in yours, a look which told me that Mr. Fosbrook was not long for this world. "Here is the nurse, papa," one of the daughters said, and he bowed his head in reply, but did not speak, for his difficulty in breathing was dreadful; indeed, his physical sufferings were so great that he hardly noticed what was passing around him.

Nevertheless, I took care to keep in the shade as much as possible, and was glad that a slight attack of hoarseness should disguise my voice, for I saw that now and then he turned round rather quickly to look after me. When night came on, one of those terrible long nights that bring no pitying sleep to the patient's weary brain and eyes, he said to me suddenly:

"Nurse, can you write?"

"Yes, sir," I answered quietly.

"There are pens and paper on that side table," he gasped, "bring them here."

I guessed what he wanted; he had made his will, but wished me to put down upon paper a few last requests, concerning the disposal of his personal ornaments, &c. I am often asked to do this sort of thing for my patients, and generally comply, for I find that, instead of exciting them, it most frequently has the effect of diverting their minds from their sufferings. I think it had this effect on Mr. Fosbrook, and I went on writing calmly enough, till at last he said: "Are you from Surrey?—didn't I hear you say you were from Surrey?—what part of Surrey—near Guildford?"

"Yes, sir, but I think—"

"There was a family at Guildford," he said, "I should like to leave something to them—to one of them—Esther Jenkinson."

"She doesn't want anything," I said, rather imprudently perhaps."

"Why not?—I—" a violent fit of coughing came on, and I had to hasten to him. When it was over, the first words he said were: "*You* are Esther Jenkinson," and I could not, of course, deny it. The discovery did not seem to affect him so much as I had expected. "It's very long since we have met, Esther," he said, and then with a sigh he added, "I don't know what your life has been—yes, I do know partly—I can guess. It has been happier than mine—happier to look back upon, I am sure."

"Oh sir!" I cried, and I thought how successful, how prosperous he had been, whereas I—

"You were always too good for me," he said, "though you might have made me better perhaps, if—the very remembrance of you has sometimes done me good."

Now I won't say that these words didn't touch me deeply, but they could not really be true, neither could I suffer him to go on in this fashion.

"You must be quiet now, if you please," I said firmly, and I put away the writing materials, and enforced silence.

No, ma'am, he never spoke much afterwards about old times, neither did he say anything more to me about leaving me a token of remembrance, though I found that he had done so after he was gone. It was

a great blessing for me to be with him during those last few painful days, and to do what little I could to lessen his sufferings. He knew he was dying, and seemed to a certain degree resigned; but oh! I saw so well that he was not easy in his mind.

"I have not been worse than most men," he would say, "but I might have been better—and I wish I had done some good work in the world."

"Your paintings?" I once suggested.

"Don't reckon them among my righteous deeds. I painted to gratify my taste, and to gain money and fame—only for that."

He fancied so now, in his deep remorse, but I can't think he can altogether have forgotten his old, beautiful idea of having a "mission," and I am sure that he retained some strong religious feelings still. The evening before he died we said the Lord's Prayer together, and then a few words passed between us which I couldn't repeat, even to you, they seem too sacred. Ease came to him at last, and he passed very quietly away—just before daybreak; for, when all was over, I remember looking out of window, and seeing in the east "the bright and morning star." My heart was very heavy, but it came across my mind that He who had wept on his way to the grave of Lazarus, had wept also over those who knew not the things belonging unto their peace, and with that thought I comforted myself greatly.

Yes, ma'am, that's just it; Mr. Fosbrook, in spite of all his fine sentiments and intellect, and love of the beautiful, had not built his house on the rock, and so, though I won't say the fall of that house was great, still it did not stand so firmly as it should have done. But you mustn't think me unhappy because I can't help crying a little just now. All my real grief has passed away. I'm quite content to leave Mr. Fosbrook where he is—in God's merciful hands, and, for myself, I have much—very much to be thankful for; I like the work I have chosen, I am laying up a comfortable little provision for my old age, and in my dear sister's children I find a great source of interest. "I will bless the Lord at all times," you said you had learnt to say that since you found that sickness even brought its blessings, and I hope I have learnt to say it too.

MEDIATORSHIP.

CHRIST is regarded as a mediator between God and man. A mediator undoubtedly he became between God and man. He has been such to millions. But the office of a mediator is to introduce; that is, Christ introduces you to God. Certainly, then, like any other introducer doing his office generously, he leaves you to private conversation with the Being to whom he introduces you. You may have been present on some great occasion, when hundreds or thousands of persons were introduced by one man—the mayor of a city, perhaps—to some great author, general, or president; but the moment a man was introduced the mediator stood aside, and let the man speak for himself to the person to whom he was introduced. So, I think, the office of mediator, so far as Christ exercised it, was simply to bring us into immediate relation with God. That is the true mediation. Once more. I think Jesus came simply to be the voice of the moral sentiment. He refers you back to the moral sentiment, and is the voice of that, and only in the strength of your own moral sentiment can you understand one word that he says. I think if the two sides would look at these three principles—that Jesus came not to preach Christianity, but truth; that he came not to be mediator, but to bring us into immediate relation with God; and that he came, not to be, and never pretended to be, the author of the moral sentiment, but only its voice—I say, if the two sides would look at these three principles, they would find themselves more agreed than perhaps they imagine.—*C. A. Bartol, D.D.*

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

By EPES SARGENT.

Be of good cheer, O soul !
 Angels are nigh :
 Evil can harm thee not,
 God hears thy cry.
 Into no void shalt thou
 Spring from this clay :
 His everlasting arm
 Shall be thy stay,
 Day hides the stars from thee,
 Sense hides the heaven,
 Waiting the contrite soul
 That here has striven.
 Soon shall the glory dawn,
 Making earth dim :
 Be not disquieted,
 Trust thou in him !

THE STATE CHURCH.

VIEWS OF DR. PRIESTLEY.

THE following passages from Dr. Priestley's letters to Bishop Horsley show how deeply he was imbued with the desire to liberate the Church from State control, and the injustice he felt both religion and the citizen sustained by a State Church.

THE MISCHIEF DONE.

Were I to make an enumeration of the complicated mischiefs that have arisen both to the cause of Christianity, and the peace of society, from Church establishments (but it would be digressing too far from the object of this controversy to do it) it would soon appear that it was high time that this boasted alliance between the Church and the State was entirely broken, as it has proved infinitely injurious to both the contracting parties.

But since the late Act of Parliament in favour of Dissenters our places of worship are as legal as yours. The only difference between them is, that ours are not supported by the wealth of the State as yours are; so that I am unjustly compelled to contribute to your maintenance, while you, instead of paying anything towards mine, insult me for it.

THE INJUSTICE FELT.

That those who prefer the mode of religion now established should bear the whole expense of it, without compelling us to assist them in it, while they do nothing for ours in return, though a thing perfectly reasonable, is more than I expect you to countenance. I, however, live in the firm belief that even this will take place some time or other; and my belief is grounded on this general and glorious truth, that there is a wise and good Being at the head of all affairs, bringing good out of all evil. I therefore believe that good will finally take the place of all evil, and, consequently, equity of injustice. You may believe that the Church of England will continue to the end of the world, and that all nations (at least all that speak the English language, and can read the book of Common Prayer in the original) will flow into it. On the other hand, it is my firm persuasion that when Babylon (Popery) the great shall fall, all the little Babylons, all the lesser establishments, of what I deem to be corrupt Christianity, will fall with her, or soon after her.

THE INSINCERITY ENCOURAGED.

It is, my lords, a disgrace to this country and to human nature, that men should, on any pretence whatever, subscribe to what they do not believe. It is perhaps the greatest article in the account of our national guilt, and consequently that which threatens us with the heaviest of God's judgments. But this guilt is yours, if by your means the cause of it might be removed, and it be not removed. When this great temptation to insincerity is removed all men will still believe as they see reason; and this is what all your restrictions cannot prevent. But it is certainly desirable that public institutions should be calculated to favour sincerity as well as truth. With respect to the latter, men will think differently; but all men know what is common honesty, sincerity, or integrity. Those damnatory clauses, of the Athanasian creed, are as much an article of faith in the Church of England as any of the thirty-nine, and he that does not *bond fide* maintain them ought, in my opinion, to quit her communion. You therefore either do, or ought to believe, that myself and all who think as I do, shall, without doubt, perish everlastingly. If you cannot say amen to this curse you have no business where you are, and certainly ought not to pronounce it. For this your Athanasian creed asserts, and I suppose no figure was intended by the devout composer of it.

THE COURAGE NEEDED.

You and I are both agreed that persons who do not *bond fide* hold the acknowledged tenets of any Church (I mean such great and distinguished ones as those relating to the object of worship) ought to withdraw themselves from it, and not, by continuing in communion with it, to countenance its errors. But how many are there who do not see the thing in the same light, or whose habits and prejudices are such that they cannot bring themselves to act as we think every principle of honour as well as of religion dictates! And yet I cannot agree with you if you should say that all such persons are hypocrites, and insincere, doing what they themselves know and feel to be wrong. They have excuses which I doubt not satisfy their own minds, though they do not satisfy me. Great allowance, no doubt, is also to be

made for the force of habit, and even for a natural timidity. There are many Erasmuses for one Luther, many Dr. Clarkes for one Whiston, a name which, notwithstanding the weakness of his judgment in some things, ought never to be mentioned without respect, on account of his almost singular and unparalleled uprightness.

OPEN THE UNIVERSITIES.

In this one thing, then, my Lord, let us act in concert; and if you have any generosity in your nature, lay open the stores of learning locked up at Oxford and Cambridge to us poor sectaries. Let the universities, supported at the national expense, be free to every inhabitant of Great Britain, and of the world. Throw down the illiberal guard of your subscriptions to articles of faith at matriculation or graduation; and then we shall see who will make the best use of those noble advantages which now, with so much vigilant jealousy, you keep to yourselves.

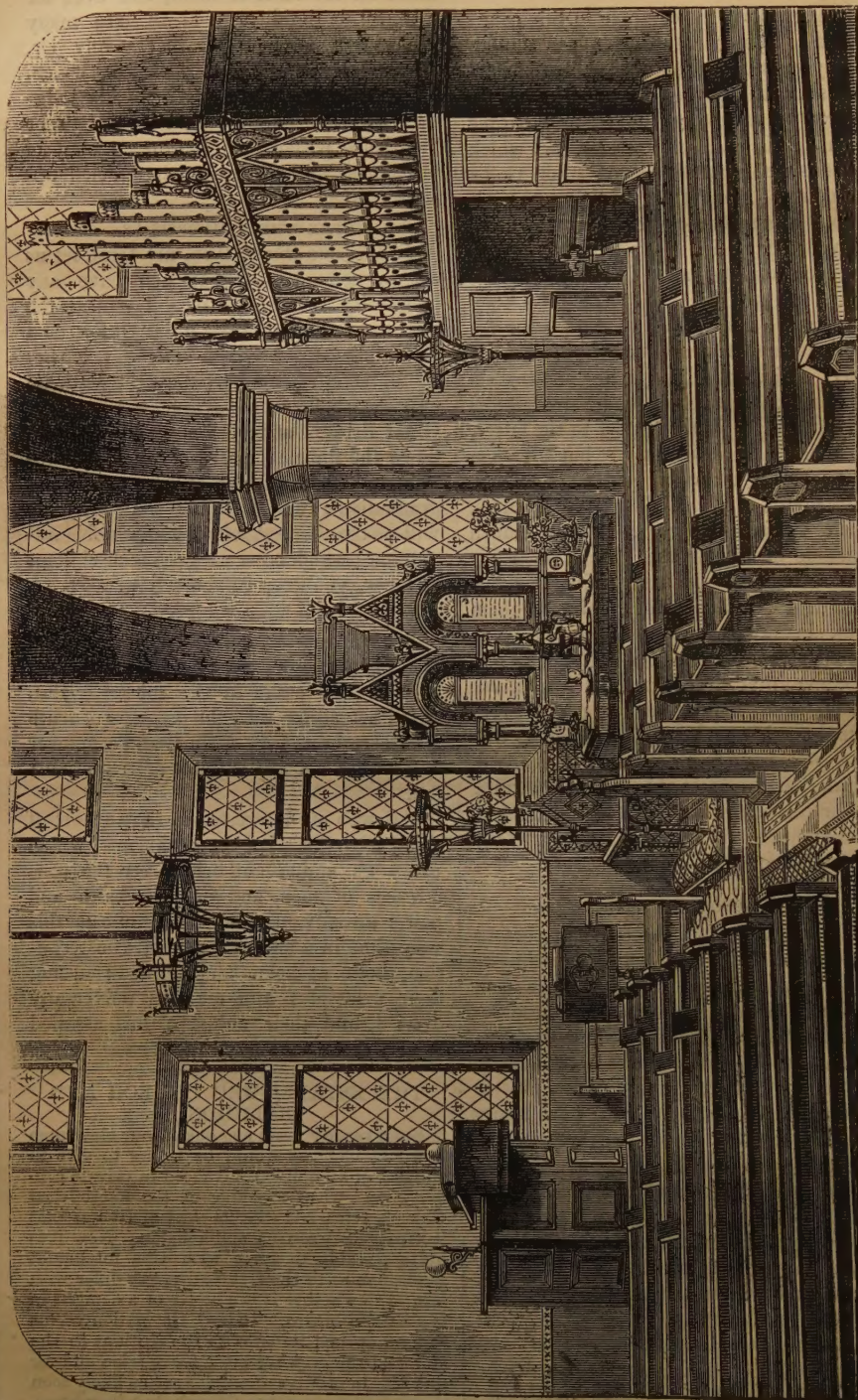
THE END FORESEEN.

Human establishments may for a period bear down reason, and they have, no doubt, a great advantage in the contest. But, notwithstanding this, the progress of truth is as certain as that of time, and whatever system has not the support of truth must fall.

All who are interested in the support of these anti-Christian establishments, which usurp an undue authority over the consciences of men, and whose wealth and power are advanced by them, are at this very time in a state of general consternation, both at home and abroad; seeing their principles and maxims universally decried, and their unjust claims assailed from a great variety of quarters.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH AND RELIGION.

SOME twenty years ago one of our statesmen—whose name it would be wrong to give in support of an opinion advanced in private conversation—when speaking of the Established Church, remarked that its chief merit was that it stands between us and religion. Now it is quite possible to agree with this intelligent gentleman as to the fact, and yet to differ with him as to whether it is a merit or a demerit in the Establishment. Indeed, the nation seems to have opened its eyes to the truth as to the fact, and the growing value for religion and for sincerity in matters of religion seems likely soon to sweep away not the Church, but its connection with the State as a serious hindrance.—S.S.



OLD MEETING-HOUSE, MANSFIELD.

OLD MEETING-HOUSE, MANSFIELD.

THE Old Meeting at Mansfield, of the interior of whose "House" we give an engraving this month, traces its foundations to an early period of Puritan history. That cause found a strong upholder in this town in the person of Gregory Sylvester, who, as early as 1624, established an annual payment for a Puritan lecturer, Mr. Rothwell, chaplain to the first Earl of Devonshire, who died in 1627. The family of Sylvester is well known from its subsequent connection with Dissent at Mansfield and Sheffield, and its annals have been collected and printed in a little book entitled "Gens Sylvestrina," by their descendant, the late Rev. Joseph Hunter.

But it was not till the ejection of the Puritan clergy that they established regular "meetings" of their own. Mansfield was one of their well-known places of refuge. Here assembled a large number of the ejected clergy, some of whom lived and died in the town, while others moved, after a time, to other quarters. Few of them survived till the Act of Toleration was passed, but those who did appear to have returned to their original homes. It has been said that forty of them gathered at Mansfield; but whether that be so or not, we need only mention a few of them. The Rev. John Whitlock, M.A., vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, and his lecturer, Rev. William Reynolds, after a long exile, during which they regularly ministered to their old flock, ultimately returned to Nottingham as ministers of the original High Pavement Chapel, erected in 1690. The Rev. John Billingsley, M.A., vicar of Chesterfield, was also of the number who resided at Mansfield, and continued to minister privately to his old flock, till, worn out with the labour, he died in 1683. The Rev. Matthew Sylvester, ejected from Gonerby, in Lincolnshire, after a short residence at Mansfield, became the colleague of the celebrated Richard Baxter, in London, and edited "Baxter's History of his Life and Times." The Rev. John Cromwell, vicar of Claworth, was another resident in Mansfield. His name gained him an offer of promotion from the Protector, and after the Restoration attracted persecution. Dr. Calamy, who gives interesting particulars of all these ministers, gives a long account of another, the Rev.

Joseph Truman, B.D., ejected from Cromwell, Notts, whose persecutions and whose industry as a student were noted in his day. But the Rev. Robert Porter, ejected from Pentridge, where he had lived "passing rich on £50 a year," must be reckoned the first minister of the Old Meeting; since, after the Act of Toleration was passed, he alone remained in Mansfield, and preached to the congregation till his death, January 22, 1690. The celebrated Oliver Heywood visited these clergymen at Mansfield, and, as will be seen, his grandson ministered afterward to the congregation. These exiled clergymen were bound in hearty love and concord, not only with each other, but also with the vicar, Mr. Firth, who "counted it no schism for them to endeavour to help his people in their way to heaven. And they, by their friendly converse with him, and frequent hearing of him, manifested that they had no design to lessen him in the esteem and affection of his parishioners." This Mr. Firth describes them in 1669, in an official report to his Archdeacon, as the "Presbyterians, who do frequent the public assembly. Their quality is better and more wealthy, some inhabiting this parish, and some in others. Their meetings at stated days and times, numbering on the week days not twenty, but on the Lord's day forty or fifty, are said to be held at the houses of Mr. John Whitlock, or of Mr. William Reynolds, or of Mr. Robert Porter, or of Mr. John Billingsley, or Mr. Robt. Smalley, and it is said that these, or some of these, are their speakers."

Upon the death of Mr. Porter, in 1690, he was succeeded by the Rev. Samuel Coates, son-in-law to Mr. Reynolds, already mentioned as ejected from St. Mary's lectureship at Nottingham. While he was minister, in 1701, the family of Sylvester sold, or gave land upon trust, that a structure might be erected thereon "for the exercise of religious worship, or such other purposes as the majority of the trustees for the time being shall think meet and convenient."

Such an entirely open trust as this is not, we believe, unparalleled, but can scarcely be excelled in its freedom. The old square chapel, with its solid walls of Mansfield stone, its flagged roof, supported by two massive oak pillars, and its square-headed, stone-mullioned windows, must

have risen as an imposing structure on the outskirts of the town, and was reached by a narrow lane, still known as Meeting House-lane.

In the time of the next minister, the Rev. Thomas Fletcher, a substantial house near the chapel was secured as a parsonage; and, after the lapse of 160 years, it is still occupied for the same purpose. It would probably not be interesting, even if it were possible, to give details of the history of the successive ministers, the list of whom is annexed:—Rev. Robert Porter, began to preach 1666, died 1690; Rev. Samuel Coates, began to preach 1690, died 1704; Rev. Thomas Fletcher, began to preach 1705, removed to Hull in 1713; Rev. Isaac Thompson; Rev. Samuel Shaw, began to preach 1738, died 1748; Rev. Eliezer Heywood, began to preach 1750, died 1783; Rev. Samuel Catlow, began to preach 1783, removed to Hampstead in 1798; Rev. Thomas Broadbent, removed to Park-lane, Lancashire, in 1800; Rev. Joseph Bull, began to preach 1800, removed to Hinckley in 1811; Rev. John Williams, began to preach 1811, died 1835; Rev. C. W. Robberds, began to preach 1836, removed to Sidmouth in 1842; Rev. William Linwood, began to preach 1842, removed to Brixton in 1848; Rev. J. G. Teggin, began to preach 1849, removed to Gloucester in 1857; Rev. W. Newton, began to preach 1857, removed to Hinckley in 1858; Rev. A. W. Worthington, B.A., began to preach 1858.

The congregation for a long time included many of the principal families in the town. But, as has been the case in many other places, the gradual attainment of religious liberty has removed much of the political antagonism which divided Cavaliers from Puritans, Episcopalians from Presbyterians; while the development of Unitarian doctrine has changed the ground of our modern Dissent from that upon which our forefathers erected their standard. Thus it has come about that while many of the old Presbyterian families have left the town, or died out, or conformed, their place has been supplied by converts from other bodies, whose interest rests on another foundation. And though this congregation still numbers in its ranks descendants of Oliver Heywood and Gilbert Wakefield, its bulk is composed of intelligent and thinking men, who

have adopted Unitarian opinions as the result of their own investigation, and who are bringing up their families in the same free but positive faith. A substantial schoolroom was erected in 1839 for the purposes of a Sunday-school. A British day-school has also been held in it for some years past.

The Meeting-house has recently been thoroughly restored, and while the plain and solid form of its external walls, windows and roof has been maintained unaltered, the internal arrangements for worship have been thoroughly adapted to the taste and requirements of a modern day. The old oak pillars have been polished, the ceiling renewed and panelled, and the floor entirely relaid. The chapel is seated with solid and handsome pitch-pine benches, and heated with warm water. The aisles and communion space are paved with handsome encaustic tiles. The original time-honoured pulpit has been retained as a relic of the past, and placed in one corner of the chapel. A handsome organ corresponds with it on the other side, while between the two the unique and beautiful arrangements of the communion table have been adorned by numerous gifts and by the needle work of the ladies connected with the chapel. Texts, illustrative of the faith of the congregation, have been painted in a stone reredos above the communion table, and on two brass plates are inscribed the names of the ejected clergy who founded the congregation, and the terms upon which the chapel is held in trust.

The cost of the restoration has altogether reached about £1400, and apart from the added beauty and comfort which show how possible it is to combine the ancient characteristics of our chapels with modern comfort and taste, we think that such an alteration does much to take away the depressing feeling of worshipping in a poor and dilapidated building, and to replace that feeling by the consciousness that the inferiority of our dissenting position is due no longer to any penuriousness on our own part, but to the injustice by which others deprive us of a rightful religious equality.

LECTURE ON CHOLERA.—As the medical faculty believe we may soon be visited by cholera, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, we therefore advise our readers to purchase a copy of the above, by John Dixon, M.D. It is full of useful hints on the nature, symptoms, treatment, and prevention of cholera. Post free, 6d. H. Renshaw, 350, Strand, London.

FATHER TAKE MY HAND.

THE PRAYER.

The way is dark, my Father ! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered ! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child !

The day goes fast, my Father ! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions ; fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child !

The way is long, my Father ! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal.
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my
hand,
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child !

The path is rough, my Father ! Many a thorn
Has pierced me ; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way ; yet thy com-
mand
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand !
Then safe and blest
Lead up to rest
Thy child !

The throng is great, my Father ! Many a
doubt
And fear and danger compass me about,
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father ! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child !

The cross is heavy, Father ! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my
hand !
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child !

THE ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child ! but leads to light ;
I would not always have thee walk by sight ;
My dealings now thou canst not understand ;
I meant it so ; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child !

The day goes fast, my child ! But is the night
Darker to me than day ? In me is light !
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child !

The way is long, my child ! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee ;

And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt
stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child !

The path is rough, my child ! But Oh ! how
sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shall rest
My child !

The throng is great, my child ! But at thy side
Thy Father walks ; then be not terrified,
For I am with thee ; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass ; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child !

The cross is heavy, child ! Yet there is One
Who bore a heavier for thee—my Son,
My well-beloved. For Him bear thine, and
stand
With him at last ; and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown
My child !

THOMAS CARLYLE'S MOTHER.

"Honour thy father and mother."

BEFORE setting out for Berlin to make
certain inquiries in connection with his
"Life of Frederick the Great," he went
down to spend a few days with his mother
in the old house at home. On the morn-
ing when he was to take his departure for
the South a crowd of old friends were as-
sembled on the railway platform at Eccle-
fechan to see him off—schoolfellows and
trustworthy allies of the bygone years with whom
he had

"Paid'd in the burn,
And pu'd the gowans fine

On entering the railway office, putting
his hands into his coat-pocket, he disco-
vered there something bulky, of the pre-
sence of which he did not seem to have
been aware.

Opening the mysterious parcel, he saw
that it contained some nice, home-made
Dumfriesshire bannocks, which his fond
old mother—just as when he was a little
boy at school—had stowed away (this time
surreptitiously) in the pocket.

This discovery was too much for him ;
simple as the circumstance was, it moved
him greatly, carried him back over the
years to days of "Auld lang syne," and
when his friends gathered round him to
grasp his hand and say good-bye, his eyes
were suffused with manly tears.

THE YOUNG THEOLOGIAN.

No. IV.

"MORNER, are we Lutherans?" said Walter the next Sunday afternoon, as he sat by a blazing fire in their comfortable parlour. "Our French teacher says he is of the Lutheran Church."

"We are Protestants, my dear, and in that respect we resemble Luther, who protested against the errors of the Roman Catholic Church. Other Protestants had preceded this great reformer,* but Luther towered above the rest from his indomitable courage and perseverance. He was the guiding star which shed a new light on the Christian's path. Dark and dreary had been the way for the religious in the time of Catholic domination. Pope and priest had united to bewilder the intellect of their devotees. It was a sad time for Christians, my child, in those days. We must be thankful indeed that such a bold man as Luther was raised to be the saviour of his generation, and to awaken into new life the energy and thought of the Christian world."

"Who was Luther, mother?"

"He was the son of a miner at Momefeld, in Germany. We first hear of him as a little boy of your own age, singing in the streets as a chorister, and thankful to receive a few pieces of broken bread and meat at the doors of the citizens of Eisenach, where he went to school. Later he went to the university at Erfurt, where he distinguished himself greatly among the students. It is probable that he rarely thought seriously of his religious duties while immersed in the pleasures of study. But a remarkable circumstance induced him to devote himself entirely to religion. When travelling with an intimate friend through some of the wild districts of Germany a fearful thunderstorm arose, and a flash of lightning laid his companion dead at his feet. In the agony of the moment all the sins of his youth and the many errors he had thoughtlessly committed

* Lorenzo of Milan, Vigilantius of Barcelona, Claudio of Turin, Abelard, and especially Peter Waldo, a merchant of Lyons, roused little bands of protesters against evil doctrines and practices in the dominant religion of Europe. The Lollards in England, followers of the illustrious Lord Cobham, and the great Wicliffe, maintained the cause of Christ's holy Gospel against the corruptions of Rome. Jerome of Prague and John Huss will not easily be forgotten."

seemed to rise before him. In a fit of despair he determined never again to encounter the enticements of the world, and soon after he entered a convent, becoming a monk of one of the strictest orders of the Catholic Church."

"What is a monk, mother?"

"It is a person who devotes himself entirely to religious duties, giving up the pleasures and companionship of this world, and preparing wholly for the future state."

"Is that wrong, mother?"

"It is wrong certainly to throw off all the ties of relationship and to dissolve the most intimate friendships for the sake of one's own salvation. But we will talk of this hereafter. Let us return to Luther, who as a monk led a wretched life of self-reproach and uncertainty with regard to the real efficacy of the course he had pursued and of the various religious exercises in which he was at morning, noon, and night employed. Finally, when visiting Rome, and engaged in the degrading and ridiculous ceremonial of ascending on his knees the sacred staircase, or *Santa Scala* (which once, it is said, formed a part of Pilate's house), Luther suddenly stopped, and reasoned with himself on the frivolous nature of such ceremonials. 'Surely this Church must be wrong,' thought he, 'in substituting these formulas for the pure religion of Christ, which despises all outward show.' And in his secret soul he resolved to avow openly his distaste for and opposition to the Romish Church. So very shortly afterwards the once-despised singing boy publicly appeared as a defender of his new faith, protesting solemnly against the errors of the Roman Catholic Church."

"Was he not afraid of doing so much alone, mamma?"

"On the contrary, one of his first acts was to nail his protest against the errors he despised on the doors of the Catholic Church at Wittenburg. At one time he had been timid and fearful, but now his firm belief in a great and worthy cause and his ardour for divine truth filled him with courage and enthusiasm, and he everywhere proclaimed the doctrines of what has since been called the Reformation."

"And what were those doctrines, mother?"

"Luther repudiated all but the simplest ceremonials in divine worship, insisting on

the efficacy of justification in the sight of God by faith, in opposition to the Catholic system of obtaining divine acceptance by works. He expressed great horror at all the monkish delusions to which he had once devoted himself. 'Is it possible,' said he, 'that scourgings and fastings can obtain favour in the sight of God?' Above all he spoke and wrote against the sale of *indulgences*, or forgiveness of sins, granted to those who paid sufficient money or gave alms in some way for this '*absolution*,' as it was called."

"Why, mamma, did they really pay for the forgiveness of sins?"

"The Catholics did then, and they do so now, forgetting wholly that the favour of God is to be purchased without money and without price."

"Luther was right, mamma. I hate the Catholics as much as he did."

"Walter, is hatred to man a Christian feeling? The virtues shine above our path like stars. Surely hatred is not among them."

"Oh, no, mamma; but it is horrid to hear of the foolish practices of those people in old times."

"The Catholic Church belonged to a barbarous age, my son. There were many eminent Christians among the most liberal of the sect. We must not condemn men in condemning measures for which they were not individually accountable. Let us return to Luther."

"How did he differ from Unitarians, mamma?"

"In the first place, he upheld the doctrine of the Trinity. In the next, his belief in simple justification, by faith *alone*, to obtain the grace of God, does not accord with our notion of the justice or benevolence of the Almighty. We are told in Scripture that "faith without works is dead." Let us remember the example of our blessed Saviour, who not only prayed to his Heavenly Father, but also worked the works for which he was sent into the world. A pure faith in God and a just sense of our duty towards our neighbour, carried out *without regard to any individual merit or gain of our own*, will assuredly find acceptance with the Almighty. At the same time we are not to limit the grace of God, which is shed freely on *all* His creatures. It beams upon the face of the infant and lights up the mother's smile.

It is set for the healing of the nations. * It revives the spirit of the humble and heals the broken-hearted. It is strength to the poor; a strength to the needy in his distress; a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall. By this (divine grace) death shall be swallowed up in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces.'—Isaiah, 25, 6. 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them who have no might he increaseth strength.' By the free, unpurchased grace of God a Saviour was sent to redeem us from our sins and bring us back to his Heavenly Father. Let us bless the Almighty for His unspeakable gift."

R. E.

UNITARIANISM: ITS WEAKNESS AND STRENGTH.

By Rev. GEORGE BATCHELOR.

The moment the Unitarian Church shall have any plans to carry out which are of absorbing interest, and which call out all the energies of ministers and people, the sources of its weakness will appear, and also of its strength and safety.

It is weak, simply because it has not much to do but to defend itself from intruders and malcontents. If we may trust some writers and speakers, the Unitarian Church has no better mission than to preserve itself.

Now there is another possible method, and that is to proclaim a policy of work, definite, noble, and ennobling work; something that shall commend itself on its own merits simply stated.

The moment that is done such conscious strength will come that, instead of defending itself, Unitarianism will be eager to demand the help of all men and women who believe in its work. It will say to them, Here is something to be done, will you do it? if so, come. It will forget all about asking men to stay away; for no one will want to be among workers and work in which he does not believe.

That the Unitarian Church needs a sifting is evident, but it is not a separation between true and false, but between workers and drones. If you can get together all the men and women who believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and who are interested in doing something to make the fatherhood appear

for the comfort of the world, and the brotherhood acknowledge itself for the redemption of man, there will be in that company not one who will think of driving another out.

There are signs that, before long, young men will be asked, not What do you believe? but, What can you do? And they will be put to such tasks that unless they have faith, hope, and charity, their failure will advertise itself. To suppose that men and women would refuse to give money for valuable work well done, is to suppose that they have forgotten the principal uses of money, and are past working for.

HUMANITY AND ITS IDOLS.

By A LATE CHAPLAIN OF THE POPE.

THE innumerable number of gods and idols which, in the many forms of religious belief, claim the worship and obedience of credulous humanity, appear to one who, with matured intellect and calm research, meditates upon the subject, to have been too often the inventions of despotism for its own profit: indeed human nature is such, that if you and I, my good reader of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN, should happen to gain sovereign power, we also might, under the same fascinating influence, be tempted to seek the aid of some *veiled deceit* to assist the cause of truth and order.

In considering this subject, let us turn our thoughts to the East, to the land of the sun, to India, and there upon the banks of the Ganges in the earliest religion we find the worship of one only God under the name of Brama. Let us listen to the words of their sacred book, the Veda:—"Brama is that which is, which reveals itself in joy and in sorrow. The world is the image of Him. He alone really exists, contains all in Himself, and is the cause of all phenomena. He knows not limit of time or space. He cannot perish. He is the soul of the world, and of each being in it."

But such a pure and simple idea of one only God of love, became soon corrupted in India by the introduction of the thought of the incarnation of Siva and Vishnu, forming that Trinity in which Brama, the aged father, produces the world. Vishnu, strong in youth, preserves it; and Siva, tender and pathetic, god of love and

source of all pleasure, and at the same time genius of destruction, god of vengeance and of punishment, judges and remunerates. The first presides in heaven, and at the creation; the second on earth, and at its conservation; the third in inferno and at the destruction.

The idols were made—the pure and simple worship gave way to a cruel and ferocious service, execrable instrument of oppression and tyranny.

And now let us turn our view to the land of Sennaar, where the Biblical traditions relate to us that Nimrod, son of Cus, "a mighty hunter," founded an empire. The empire of Nimrod descended to his son Nino, from whom the city of Nineveh is said to have taken its name. The son of Nimrod is said to have erected in honour of his father a statue of gold. A law proclaimed inviolable, and freely pardoned and safe, any malefactor who should take refuge at the foot of this statue—the first beginning, worthy truly of the ferocious times in which it arose, of that right of refuge, which, later, was claimed by the Roman Catholic priests for robbers and murderers; whilst for the philosopher, for the friends of progress and of humanity, they had only the scaffold and the stake. The golden statue became an idol, and was worshipped as a god.

But now let us turn our attention to the grand Valley of the Nile, when it was the cradle of one of the primitive political societies of the Old World, and we shall see in a rapid review of those early religious doctrines how the perversity of despotism sought to create the belief that they had a Divine authority, and thus to form for the people material gods to worship.

The doctrines of the Egyptian priests, as well as of the Brahmins in India, and the Magi in Persia, personified the forces of Nature, identified them with those of the spirit, forming a Unity in which is God and the universe. But from this pure conception of God, the doctrine goes on to affirm, as a consequence, that is this one Being, invisible, eternal, infinite, was the father of the first of the kings. Behold here preparation for the idols, here the basis for the pretended divine right of kings.

Many wise men, and Seneca especially amongst them, see the creation of the gods in the result of a political union of all the rulers of the people, in order to check the

fierce passions and brutal instincts which, in rude and primitive people, burst forth with ferocious and terrible force, rendering any form of civilised society impossible to all.

They considered, therefore, it would lessen the danger, and render the laws more powerful, if they could induce the people to believe they were given from above, and in this deceit they succeeded. God manifested himself, therefore, but in distinct and numberless personalities, symbolical of material as of moral ideas, and, more than symbols, they became identical with these. Thus, Jove was the god of heaven, and father of all the gods; Ceres, the goddess of the earth, and Juno of the air; Neptune, the god of the waters, and Vulcan that of fire, and thus on and on, indefinitely. "Live honestly and socially," the rulers said to the people, "if not the heaven will deny to you its light and its azure vault in this life, and after then will shut you out of Elysium; be good, or the earth will refuse to nourish you; become wise, or the air will be taken from you, so that you will not be able to breathe; grow human, or the water will no more come to your help to satisfy your thirst; rise up and be virtuous, or the fire will no longer burn in your service to warm you and to light your nights; and, in order to obtain all these privileges, which will give you happiness here and hereafter, implore, supplicate, adore Jove, Juno, Ceres, Neptune, Vulcan, who will listen to you, will put away all that is evil from you, and will insure to you, on the contrary, all that is good. Thus was formed the grand Greek mythology — mythology mother to that of the Roman, which also arose from the minds of the law-givers and rulers of the people, who thought to find in it the most powerful means to enforce that civil order necessary to a primitive people too strongly agitated by their fierce passions and rude instincts. Ignorance, governed by fear on the one hand, dissimulation and artifice on the other, created the gods; and yet it would have been much more simple and better to constitute and strengthen the civil union with the pure affirmation and affection of one only God, who is love, whom the heart of every man seeks and longs for; who does not wrap himself up and hide himself in mystic forms, and who speaks

only of charity, of love, of brotherhood, of liberty. But this could not certainly suit the purposes of those who wished to dominate, and, therefore, did not seek to make men true loving brethren, but discordant, envious, timid, and abject slaves, proclaiming, therefore, that men are born ferocious and evil. There were not wanting, in the progress of time, some noble and generous men, some wise and philosophical thinkers, inspired by the Divine love, and enlightened by the power of goodness, beauty, justice, and truth, who proclaimed God's power, virtue, love in His unity and purity—fighting against all idols, ancient and modern. But these had always to suffer, even to martyrdom, in the war with the rulers of mankind, who, sovereign or priest, sought to put them down.

Oh, that the time may soon come when God shall be confessed by man, and seeing Him where He visibly exists—in humanity as a whole, and in each individual; throwing down the wicked imposture of all and every idol—men shall pray to Him, venerate Him, adore Him, certain that in Him we shall all be happy on this earth, and that when the ties of earth are broken we shall ascend pure spirits into the bosom of His inexhaustible and eternal love.

G. CAMPANELLA.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

A gentle voice, a heartfelt sigh,
A modest blush, a speaking eye,
A manner unaffected, free;
These things are beautiful to me.

A ready hand, a loving heart,
A sympathy that's free from art,
A real friend among the few;
These things are beautiful and true.

A mother's prayer, an answer mild,
An aged sire, a little child,
A happy home, a cheerful hearth;
These things are beautiful on earth.

A joyful song, a chorus sweet,
An earnest soul and willing feet,
A day of peace, a night of rest;
These things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care,
A spotless name, a jewel rare,
A cleanly tongue that will not lie;
These things are beautiful—and why?

Because they are all born of love,
And emanate from God above;
An earnest of the heavenly birth,
These things are beautiful on earth.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

ORTHODOX DIVINITY.—Parker, Bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance what was the best body of divinity, answered, "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses."

BLESSINGS OF REFORMATION.—After the Reformation, Neil Ramsay, Laird of Dalhousie having been at a preaching with the Regent Moray, was demanded how he liked the sermon? "Passing well," said he. "Purgatory, he has altogether done away with; if to-morrow he will do away with hell, I will give him half the lands of Dalhousie."

RITUALISTIC PARAPHERNALIA.—In the *Ecclesiastical Gazette* for June 13th, page 320, is the following advertisement:—"Altar vessels, including chalices, patens, flagons, cruets, alms-dishes, pixes, holy oil stocks, sacramental spoons, ciborium, monstrances, baptismal shells, fonts, and viaticums. A large stock always kept ready."—*Wilts County Mirror*.

NOT AT HOME.—"Is Mrs. Brown in?" inquires a gentleman of the servant who responds to his ring at the door-bell. "No, sir, she's not at home." "Well, I'm sorry," said the gentleman, in a regretful tone, "as I owe her some money and called to pay it." Whereupon a voice from over the balustrade is heard, "Oh! I am in; to be sure I am! Why, Sally, didn't you know that? Ask the gentleman to walk in."

IMPIOUS.—One of the most blasphemous utterances we have noticed is that of the *Western Watchman*, a Roman sheet issued from St. Louis, which says that the Papal "Church allows no appeal from her teaching tribunal even to the throne of the unerring Godhead!" What is "the unerring Godhead" likely to think of such a presumptuous putting the Pope "above all that is called God, or that is worshipped?"—*Star of West*.

SAVING RIGHTEOUSNESS.—While Dr. Blomfield was at Chesterford it was the permanent annoyance of every Easter day that a stream of carriages was passing through the village, giving it the appearance, and too much of the real character, of a noisy fair, while conveying the racing men of the day to Newmarket. It was only after long persuasion that the Jockey Club was induced to alter the first day of the meeting to Easter Tuesday. The Duke of York, when applied to on the subject by Bishop Howley, declined to alter his practice, but added that, "Though it was true he travelled to the races on a Sunday, he always had a Bible and Prayer-book in the carriage."

JEWISH PROTEST AGAINST INTOLERANCE.—How far Christianity departed from the spirit of Jesus is probably nowhere more clearly discernible than in these words, "And if any man hear my words and believes (them) not, I judge him not; for I came not to judge the world, but to save the world" (John xiii. 47). But the Church judged and condemned anybody almost who did not believe her dogmas; judged, condemned, and roasted alive in the name of that same Jesus who said, "I judge him not;" judges, persecutes, and condemns to-day all who believe not as she dictates. The Church crucifies Jesus every day.—*Israelite*.

TWO CLASSES.—All Christians may be divided into two classes: Those who believe in Christ as they themselves understand him, and those who believe in him as they suppose that somebody else does.

THE DEACON'S SPEECH.—There is a kind of grim humour in the address of a devout deacon to his newly-settled pastor, as he gave him the usual welcome, "The Lord keep you humble, and we will keep you poor."

INDUSTRY AND CLEVERNESS.—Not long ago a distinguished Frenchman said, with his usual acuteness, "We are a clever nation which does not work, and we have been beaten by a nation which works but is not clever."

HONEST POVERTY.—"Father," said a lad, "I have often read of people being 'poor but honest?' why don't they sometimes say, 'rich but honest?'" "Tut, tut, my son," replied the father, "nobody would believe them."

TO CONGREGATIONS.—Rev. Dr. Withington once gave a charge to a church in about the following words: "I charge you to treat your minister as he deserves; and if you treat him as he deserves, he will deserve to be treated as you treat him."

DON'T PLAY WITH POWDER.—A most worthy man, unaccustomed to public speaking, being suddenly called upon to address a Sunday school, rose to his feet, and, after vainly struggling for utterance, at last hoarsely muttered, "Dear children, don't ever play with powder."

THE FIRST MAN.—At an examination by a Scotch minister of his flock, previous to the administration of the communion, a man was asked: "What kind of a man was Adam?" "Ou, just like ither fouk!" The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation. "Weel," said the respondent, "he was just like Joe Simpson, the horse-couper." "How so?" asked the minister. "Weel, naebodie got ony one thing by him, and mony lost."

SECRETS OF HEALTH.—First, keep warm; second, eat regularly and slowly; third, maintain regular bodily habits; fourth, take early and very light suppers; fifth, keep a clean skin; sixth, get plenty of sleep at night; seventh, keep cheerful and respectable company; eighth, keep out of debt; ninth, don't set your mind on things you don't need; tenth, mind your own business; eleventh, don't set yourself up to be a sharper of any kind; twelfth, subdue curiosity; thirteenth, avoid drugs.

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